

**A DIGITAL PRODUCTION BY**

**THE DOW MEDICAL COLLEGE CLASS OF 1985**

**A MAGAZINE BY THE CLASS FELLOWS BY THE CLASS FELLOWS**

***SPECIAL TRIBUTES TO A GREAT TEACHER***

**ZEBA HASAN HAFEEZ**

**SULAIMAN B HASAN**

**MOHSIN HAFEEZ**

**HASAN AZIZ**

## **Professor Dr Mushtaq Hasan (1919-2011)**

### **MY FATHER**

by

**ZEBA HASAN HAFEEZ, DOW 1985**

My father, Professor Dr Mushtaq Hasan, passed away on 29<sup>th</sup> January 2011. During his last year, he had said to me; “Everyone has to go, I am not special in this regard”. Nevertheless, he left behind a legacy for us that we can honor and emulate through our own work.

Dr Mushtaq Hasan graduated from the King Edward Medical College, Lahore in 1942 followed by a doctorate in Medicine from the Punjab University in 1947. He had the distinction of being the youngest MD at the time. The subject of his thesis was Erythrocyte Sedimentation Rate in health and allergic respiratory conditions. He began his career as a lecturer in Therapeutics at the Dow Medical College, Karachi, in 1948. He secured Membership of the Royal College of Physicians (MRCP) from Edinburgh in 1953, and was awarded Fellowship of the same college (FRCP) in 1962. He was also awarded the FCCP in 1966 and FCPS in 1973. He served as the governor of the American College of Chest Physicians for Pakistan (1985-89), and was a member of the editorial board of the Journal of Pakistan Medical Association. He was also a fellow of the International College of Angiology and the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, a founder member of the Pakistan Cardiac Society and Pakistan Medical Association and a member of the British Medical Association.

One of my father’s role models was his elder brother, the late Mr Mumtaz Hasan, who was an economic wizard of the country, having earned the distinction of serving as the finance secretary and the founding president of the National Bank of Pakistan. He had a flair for intellectual activities, being a writer, poet, archaeologist, linguist and translator. He passed away in the early seventies while pursuing a law degree.

My father’s teaching career spanned over several decades in various medical colleges of Pakistan where he served as Professor of Medicine, including the Nishtar Medical College Multan, Liaquat Medical College Hyderabad, Fatima Jinnah Medical College Lahore, and finally the Dow Medical College Karachi. He served in the latter institution right from 1963 until his retirement in 1979. Unfortunately, however, I was not one of his “official” students as he retired around the time that I joined medical college. His devotion to health care led him to consistently practice at his private clinic until he attained the age of 86. Even at that point in time, ultimately closing his practice was a difficult decision for him owing to his passion for his profession. His bedside manner with his patients was always empathic, with great attention to detail, often spending an hour with each patient, and going to great lengths to solve their problems. He would often tell us, “Listen to your patient”. When he closed his practice, his daughter in law, Dr Noveed Hasan, who was serving as a medical officer at the Jinnah Post-graduate Medical Center (JPMC), regularly consulted him for a second opinion about her patients, at times bringing such patients home. He would diligently listen to the problem and come up with a comprehensive solution, explaining the basis of his plan of management as well.

He always kept abreast with current literature in journals, and looked forward to the acquisition of new editions of textbooks. At the present time, we have the 2010 edition of

Current Medical Diagnosis and Treatment as well as the latest edition of Goodman Gillman in our house. Until a few months prior to his demise, I saw him highlighting sections of the paragraphs that he read.

My brother once fondly said to him, “Abajan, at some point you should retire as a professor of medicine.” I believe he epitomized the image of a professor; I suppose that anyone who has remained his student would bear me out. His library was in fact the hideout where he rejuvenated himself. I recall that on the occasions when my mother went on a trip, depending upon the number of days of her absence, her bed would be completely or partially occupied with books. However, a day prior to her arrival, he made sure that he had cleared her space!

My earliest memories of him are characterized by his hard and unrelenting work while keeping long hours, and it was very rare to have seen him without a book or a newspaper in his hand. He also had the habit of carrying a pile of books with him to his clinic. He felt innately comfortable keeping a source of reference accessible in case he needed to consult or re-verify something.

Ever since I can recall, my brother and I were used to answering phone calls during odd hours of the night. I think this was part of our early conditioning to the demands of the profession that we both chose for ourselves. As a child, I would sometimes debate with my brother about whether to awaken my father considering the long hours of work he had ahead of him. Eventually, I would succumb to my brother’s sound advice of waking him up so that the problem or dilemma faced by the doctor on call could be addressed by him. His typical day began at 6.30 am and ended at midnight or later. He took a short nap after lunch. I recall that he avidly read the evening newspapers that he brought with him while having his late dinner. As a student I used to assist him at his clinic in the absence of his personal assistant. Later, when I qualified as a dermatologist, I shared his consulting room with him. I always enjoyed accompanying him to clinical meetings and conferences, and took pride in attending the sessions chaired by him.

My father, during his lifetime and even now, in a spiritual sense, has been a mentor for me as well. I used to discuss my problems cases, and went over my medical writings and presentations with him, his feedback always being most valuable and rewarding for me. Our house was usually frequented by his students and colleagues who had a special reverence and respect for him, owing to his dignity, professional expertise, intellectual integrity, honesty of purpose, and an innate unique simplicity and innocence.

My father had a passion for music. He loved classical music, ballet, and opera. We would often accompany him to any such entertainment that was offered in Pakistan. He was not an athlete but made it a point to exercise briefly on a daily basis; he generally maintained the same weight during his lifetime. Time management was very important for him, and punctuality, was his norm. He was deft with his hands, ranging from a working knowledge of basic plumbing, sewing, and shoe polishing skills. Periodically, he used to check the tire pressure of his car with a monitoring device, and always kept his vehicle in immaculate condition. I was informed that during his student days, his bicycle would always be impeccably clean and shiny. He was also very meticulous in matters of dress and hygiene. His defining characteristic was his

elegantly tailored three piece suits; in fact any garment that he wore was pleasing to the eye. Even during his last years when this became a great effort for him, he paid attention to every detail of his attire.

On a more familial level, he was a loving, considerate husband, father and grandfather. He enjoyed playing scrabble with us during our growing years. My father had a special connection and rapport with his grandchildren. He always greeted them with his characteristic, resonating, hearty laughter and addressed them with endearing nicknames. His dear friend from college days, the late Dr Kabir Hashmi had once remarked; “Mushtaq, you are a professional grandfather.” I think all the children in our family who had a close association with him would fondly recall that my father had tickled them at some point, throwing them into fits of giggles, and that maturity had graduated them from this gesture. He had a large circle of friends belonging to diverse ethnic groups and religions. When he met his friends from childhood or college days after a long interval, they beamed at one another, savoring the moment, laughing heartily at the same time, as if reminiscing; I believe this happened at my father’s behest, as his laughter was infectious.

Mohammad Ali Jinnah (Quaid e Azam), Pakistan’s founder and Governor General, had always been my father’s hero. He considered himself to be blessed and fortunate in having had brief contacts with him. Once as a young doctor, he had been assigned the task of examining the Quaid’s blood, and sporadically during his student days, my father made it a point to attend any address that Mr Jinnah made to a mammoth crowd. Another source of satisfaction and elation was treating Sher-i-Bengal, Maulvi Abdul Haq, when he was Governor of East Pakistan, during his ailment in Dacca. My father had told him how proud he had been when Mr Haq presented the historical Pakistan of 1940 in a session of the All India Muslim League chaired by Mr Jinnah.

With regards to his reverence for Mr. Jinnah, a quote from one of his articles is quite revealing: *“As I rubbed off the trace of blood from his finger with a dab of spirit, the Quaid smiled graciously and said to me. “You have done very well, doctor.” He said the very words I had wanted to say to him. Surprisingly, the doctor in me finished from that moment on. The patient was now the General without uniform who ruled the hearts of millions and I was transformed from doctor to one of the millions of soldiers without uniform. “Thank you, SIR”, said the soldier in me. “Oh I have to thank you, Doctor”, said the Quaid-e-Azam. “You don’t have to do that Sir. It was a privilege to be of some use to you”. We paid our respects and took leave. On my way back, I ruminated over my sudden transformation from doctor to soldier. If the Quaid was aware of any change in me, his graceful benevolent and appreciative smile had revealed nothing of it.” (1)*

Indeed, as I reflect back, my father’s life has been like that of a soldier without a uniform. On his passing away, I was touched by some of the tributes he received. It was remarked that *“He taught generations of physicians and professors not only Medicine but all the graces of the medical science”*. Another student of his aptly summarized his life by declaring that *“through his research, teaching, professional acumen, practice and lifestyle, he had enormous influence on our understanding of diseases, and how we treat our patients and lead our lives.”* (2) On the day of my father’s burial, his friend, the late Ardeshir Cawasjee (his late wife Nancy had been my father’s student), sent a wreath bearing a note. *“Mushtaq was first of all a*

*gentleman.” Dr Ali Muhammad, my father’s former student in a tribute to him (June, 2011) wrote; “He would never use any term without knowing its definition and meaning. He would never use vague and obscure expressions to camouflage his ignorance. He was very clear and explicit in his understanding of medical problems. As a teacher he was excellent and explicit both in his lectures and bed-side teaching. He would work hard until late hours at night to prepare his lectures”. He alluded to how the medical profession in Pakistan was that much poorer without a gentleman physician who enshrined all the noble Oslerian traits and qualities, most important being empathy, care, hope and concern for his patients. (3)*

May my father’s soul rest in eternal peace!

#### REFERENCES:

- 1) Dr Mushtaq Hasan: Examining the Quaid-e-Azam’s blood, The Daily Dawn, 9<sup>th</sup> September 1976, Karachi.
- 2) Dawn, February 11, 2011
- 3) Dr Ali Muhammad: A tribute to late Prof. Mushtaq Hasan FRCP, FCPS, Pulse International; June 15-30, 2011



Professor Mushtaq Hasan with his students



Professor Mushtaq Hasan with his son, Dr Sulaiman Hasan and Dr Kabir Hashmi , his dear friend from his medical college days, 2010



Professor Mushtaq Hasan with family on the occasion of Dr Sulaiman Hasan's Valima, Karachi, 1986



A happy moment 1981, Dr. and Mrs. Mushtaq Hasan



DMC class of 1977

**Dignity Personified: A Tribute**  
**By Mohsin Hafeez**  
**San Francisco Bay Area, CA**

*As a prelude to this piece, it is to be noted that the following lines reflect heartfelt emotions of the writer on the passing of his illustrious father-in-law; the timing of the completion of the piece ironically coincided with exactly the time his funeral service took place about 10,000 miles away. Therefore, the reference to the timeframe in the last paragraph needs to be understood in the context.*

February 2, 1987, at 54 Khayaban-E-Hafiz, DHA, Karachi. An important date in my life! As a young, naïve hopeful, I was equally nervous as the preceding date and place represent my first meeting with someone who was going to be a positively large influence on my life for the next 24 years, and will continue to be so.

That person was Prof Dr. Mushtaq Hasan, retired head of the Department of Medicine, Dow Medical College, with whom I was meeting for the first time to ask his daughter's hand in marriage. I had heard of Prof Mushtaq Hasan through my family and others and, given the stature he enjoyed, was on tenterhooks at the prospect of coming face to face with Uncle, as I lovingly called him for 24 years.

I still remember waiting in the living room, which subsequently became the central part of that home to hold many celebrations, including our *Nikah*, unsure of what to expect. It was not long before I saw a meticulously dressed man, with the perfect color code, enter the room and smilingly offer me his hand. Of course, I took it and he motioned me to have a seat. That motion, a symbol of utmost respect for anyone in his life, can safely be labeled his trademark.

We talked about me, my past and my future, my family and my dreams. It was all over before I knew it. I was struck by his eloquence, articulateness, enunciation, and an equally perfect command of all three spoken languages that he expressed himself in: English, Urdu, and Punjabi. With me, however, it was rarely the latter two and we mostly conversed in English all his life, which experience I also found interestingly instructive with him. For example, even at his stage, he always had a dictionary handy to explore the various contextual usages of different words and the etymology of anything he might have found obscure. He had to not just know it, but be a master at it. And it didn't have to be just his profession. I thoroughly enjoyed participating in that process. It was this sense of curiosity all his life that culminated in the unique, one-of-a-kind package that Uncle's personality represented to a cross-section of people, be they his patients, students all over the world, friends, or his loved ones in the family.

With all the modernity that the man projected in life, and the advanced knowledge of worldly affairs, along with an almost hurried readiness to throw a well-positioned perspective where one was badly needed, I have yet to see someone with that rare level of modesty and humility. That intellectual integrity was ingrained in Uncle and I would assume it came from hoping for a world free of any evil. As his son-in-law who had the privilege of having had with him several discussions on various subjects, I found his views puritanical to the point of being almost innocent. And that is the innocence that endeared him to the world. That trait was almost counter-intuitive for someone with such extensive knowledge of not just his profession but also an interest in everything that affected the planet. It reflected the fact that he could not find himself in the concept of any sinisterness as he was way above the day-to-day pettiness. He operated at another level, and at a height which many found hard to relate to.

Along with the progressiveness of character, Uncle's pride in tradition was never wanting. He had a beautifully fine blend of the ability to move ahead and that of freezing the time when it came to family customs. That dexterity with which he so clearly married the two might have been a bit baffling for some but having known Uncle, it was expected. In fact, given the noise around the world, one would look for some sort of convergence from him on all issues in life. As an example of the traditional bent of mind, during my trip last year in February, Uncle wished to be reminded of how old now our elder daughter was. To him, she was always Sahar, jan, jan! When I told him she was 21 and was close to graduating from college which she did last June, he, with raised eyebrows, said: "Well, beta, it's time to start thinking of fixing her up in marriage."

I found it sweet and told him that I would let her worry about finding someone suitable herself but with our blessings. "Do you think she is capable to make the right decision for herself?" was the next question. I knew where this was going and, after imagining my first-born in mind, I told him that I honestly thought she would know right from wrong and decide accordingly. On this, he sounded satisfied.

With someone so active and still interested in his patients at age 86, the age till which he gave his best to those who needed it, the last few months, and now the 92<sup>nd</sup> year of his life, had been naturally distressing. Sensing the situation, I decided to make a five-day whirl across the world around the middle of January of this year to be with him. It did not matter whether we could discuss Tunisia, or the crippling global economy. I would bring my readings to him by his bedside, as I knew he would have liked it. Any kind of learning would be welcome. What mattered to me was the opportunity to have the proximity and my own satisfaction. It was important for me to have that closure with someone who was an educator and healer par excellence, and a doting spouse, parent, grandparent, and parent-in-law. I was able to have him register my presence during my trip as he, with considerable difficulty, showed his usual graciousness by acknowledging it.

The night of January 20th, same address as above, and almost 24 years later, I bent down to speak into his ear that I was leaving to return to the US and that I was hoping to come and see him again in April. He had his eyes shut and did not acknowledge. I repeated it. Same lack of response! I tried a third time, and there was stillness. Uncle never misled anyone during his lifetime and he was not going to do it now. I had an uneasy feeling on my flight back to the US. He knew my next trip was going to be in vain as far as seeing him again was concerned, hence the total silence and unresponsiveness.

He was not going to kid me. He never did. And, so it went. As I put pen to paper to honor a celebrated life of 91 years, the service for Uncle's final journey is almost underway across the world in Pakistan. As for me, what would stay with me forever is the last brief conversation we had last week, as incoherent as it might have been.



Professor Mushtaq Hasan served in the navy in an honorary capacity for 20 years. He retired as a commodore



## **Professor Mushtaq Hasan**

### **A tribute by his son**

#### **Dr. Sulaiman B Hasan**

The Prophet Mohammad (peace be upon him) once said: If you guarantee me six things on your part, I will guarantee you Paradise: i) speak the truth when you talk, ii) keep a promise when you make it, iii) when you are trusted with something, fulfill your trust, iv) avoid sexual immorality, v) lower your gaze in modesty, and vi) restrain your hands from injustice.<sup>1</sup>

I am here to celebrate the life of a man who lived up to all of these expectations that the great prophet had of his followers. While I do not recall whether my father, the late Professor Mushtaq Hasan, ever mentioned these principles, I do know, however, that he was intensely aware of his obligations as a role model for his junior colleagues and the younger generation, for whom he reserved the greater part of his mentoring.

I had never known him to lie. If he did not know the answer to a question, he would not give one until he had looked it up and confirmed its veracity or authenticity. He was also widely known for his intellectual integrity within his profession. He was visibly uneasy whenever he felt that he had not kept a promise which he had made and considering it like a hot ball in his hands, would make every effort to fulfill it. You could trust him completely.

More than anyone else, his patients were aware of this personality trait – almost his defining characteristic - the best. He would not order a test or write a prescription until he had given his patient a full hearing and a thorough physical examination. In case he referred a patient for surgery, he expected to receive a full account from the surgeon so that he knew the outcome and documented it in his own records. He maintained meticulous records, even in his private practice to ensure that he did not miss anything major in the patient's history. He was obviously motivated and driven by the fact that the patient had entrusted him with his life.

My father was a very handsome man, always meticulously dressed, with his hands manicured to perfection at all times. I knew that women found him attractive and many I believe propositioned him as well. He, however, always restrained himself and never crossed the line of

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<sup>1</sup> *Al Tirmidhi, Hadith 1260*

decency, propriety or professional ethics. He was known to look at the ground when he walked, and would look up only when directly addressed.

He was also an intensely fair person and would bend over backwards to prevent any injustice or harm accruing to anyone. Often while conducting professional examinations, if he found any examinee to be nervous, he would make a conscious effort to relax them by offering a drink or some other gesture to ease them. He practiced medicine for several decades. Apart from the innumerable people he examined regularly, many of Pakistan's rich, powerful and famous had been his patients, with several of them being his friends as well.

He, however, enjoyed and sought most the company of educated and intellectually superior persons, and if anyone, particularly one of his students, wrote a book he fell in love with them instantaneously. As is now commonly known, many of his former students have made major contributions to the medical science around the world. Although he was proud of that fact, he never seemed to claim any part of the credit for himself. He consistently maintained a high regard for academicians and teachers belonging to all disciplines.

On a personal level, he loved music - but it had to be classical music alone. He owned a large collection of vinyl records all in superb condition. Very little of the popular varieties of the more recent music interested him and almost all of these originated from our part of the world. My father could not even comprehend my liking for rock n roll music. He used to enjoy going to the movie theatres when these existed, but watched very little television. He was not drawn to sports much although he did play tennis and liked to swim in his younger days.

My father loved children. All the children in our extended family adored him, perhaps because they felt the love coming from him. Many of these children are now in their 40's and 50's, but none have forgotten his affection.

He was a great father. We didn't see a lot of him because he worked from morning till night. But we knew that he was looking out for us. Very early on, he and our mother had instilled the idea that success was going to be through hard work and the acquisition of knowledge. There wasn't going to be a huge inheritance coming our way and even if there was, it would be of little benefit. We were repeatedly informed that for centuries, our ancestors were people of knowledge and worked hard for a living and the two of us, Zeba and I, were to be no different. He gave excellent advice. After high school, he arranged to have me work in an accountant's office. When he saw that I hated numbers, he let me choose medicine, but never forced me. When I graduated, he advised me to specialize in a field which would require least dependence

on others, e.g., medicine, ophthalmology, plastic surgery, etc. I did the exact opposite. Although I am still excited about what I do, in objective terms, I would have been better off following his advice. He always gave me all the credit for doing well, although I know I couldn't have done it if I had had a lesser father.

He loved Pakistan with a passion. He often recalled how he had been in the front rows of the crowd when the Pakistan resolution was passed in Lahore in 1940. He thought the world of Mr. Jinnah and would describe with fascination and reverence, every direct observation he had had of him and all of his sayings and speeches.

He took up teaching early, in 1948, when he taught Pharmacology, pathology and Medicine at Dow Medical College, when many of the Hindu professors had migrated out. He knew that the future was with the young. He also knew (as did Jinnah) that the future was with people of all faiths and ethnic origins. This was evidenced in the spectrum of his friends, which included people of all possible religions and ethnicities, here and around the world. Till the very end, he couldn't accept how we have let this beautiful land go the way it has. He had certainly given it his best.

To conclude, Allah gave my father more than 91 years to live. I believe that he lived them well. He pursued excellence and gave much more than he took. He would have been happier if he had left it better than when he had found it, but then, he had done his part. He taught me, his students taught me and now my son Saad tells me that one of his anatomy professors at Cornell Medical School keeps asking about his Dada, who had taught him medicine.

His Dada has returned to his creator. Inna lillahe wa inna ilaihe rajeoun. May his soul rest in eternal peace!

## A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR MUSHTAQ HASAN BY EMERITUS PROFESSOR HASAN AZIZ

PUBLISHED IN DAWN FEBRUARY 06, 2011

### Prof Mushtaq Hasan: a student's tribute

**THOUSANDS** recently mourned the death of Prof Mushtaq Hasan. A legend in his lifetime, Prof Hasan had been one of the most admired physicians within the profession: the ultimate litmus test for professional integrity. Having been a 'great grandfather' of medical teaching, he taught thousands of undergraduates and postgraduates who, in turn, have taught more than three generations of doctors. Many present-day luminaries were his proud students during his teaching career spanning over nearly four decades.

Prof Hasan was an epitome of gentleness, impeccable character, selfless devotion to his profession and academia. He was soft-spoken and extremely well - mannered. In him, I always saw the very personification of the proverbial 'doctor' in whose hands you would safely leave your body and soul. He enthused confidence in all his patients as he gave undivided attention. For his patients he was never in a hurry, almost as if the clock had stopped.

Bereft of pretensions, Prof Hasan never talked about his achievements. He never rolled in dust in front of the 'high and mighty' for favours. Always steadfast, he was larger than life, a pure academician.

He was above ethnic, sectarian, regional animosities. He had the honour of being one of the providers of medicare to the Quaid i Azam, and also followed his dictum: "Work, work and work".

He was honest to the core. A student of his narrated an incident to me, which is just one example of his sense of fair play. One day his son was driving a car and met with an accident in which some one was hurt. The injured person was brought to the hospital where Prof Hasan was working and he was given due care. Although the relatives of the injured did not press for charges, Prof Hasan insisted they must lodge an FIR against his son.

Pray, do tell me where I can find a man who would equal Prof Hasan's fair play?

EMERITUS PROF. HASAN AZIZ (A proud student) Karachi



**Prof. Mushtaq Hassan expired in Karachi on Monday Jan 29, 2011.**

***Inna lillahe wa inna elehi rajioon.***

**May Allah grant him a place in Heaven and give the family the fortitude to bear his loss.**

**Prof. Hassan, as I remember him from Medical Unit I rotation in Civil Hospital Karachi, was a kind and gentle person. He was soft spoken and taught well. He will be fondly remembered by a lot of Dow Alumni.**

**AMIN H KARIM DOW 1977**

### **Tributes from Dawn published 2011-02-09**

**KARACHI, Feb 9: Paying tribute to the services of the late Prof (Dr) Mushtaq Hasan of the Dow Medical College, senior medical practitioners said at a meeting on Wednesday that the professor was an inspiration for his students. "Through his research, teaching, professional acumen and practice and lifestyle, he had enormous influence on our understanding of diseases and how we treat our patients and pass our lives," maintained many of the speakers.**

The meeting held to pay tribute to Dr Hasan was organized by the Karachi chapter of the Pakistan Medical Association at its conference hall at the PMA House.

Dr Hasan died aged 92, on January 29, 2011.

He is survived by his wife, who lives in the city, and a son and a daughter and grandchildren, now settled abroad, who were also present at the reference meeting.

Senior anesthesiologist and president of the PMA (central), Prof (Dr) Syed Tipu Sultan, said that Dr Hasan had a great love for Pakistan and his students and that was why he stayed in the country till his last despite persuasions from his family and unfavorable working and security conditions for healthcare professionals, particularly over the past decade, in the city.

Dr Hasan practised medicine in the city till two years back and was intensely aware of his obligations as a role model for young people.

He held academic posts at various medical colleges in the country from 1948 to 1979, Dr Tipu said, adding that the professor was also widely known for his intellectual honesty in his profession.

Other speakers also recalled their association and interaction with the late professor at the Dow Medical College.

They said he was an academic par excellence, good looking, always meticulously dressed, extremely polite and had a high regard for academicians and teachers in all disciplines.

The participants of the meeting were told that Dr Hasan was born in Jhelum in April, 1919.

He did his MBBS from the King Edward Medical College in 1942 and MD from Punjab University in 1947, and was known as the youngest MD till that time.

He passed MRCP in 1953 from Edinburgh, FRCP in 1962 and FCCP in 1966 and was awarded FCPS in 1973. After doing his house job he worked as a lecturer in therapeutics till 1953. He worked as a professor of medicine at the Nishtar Medical College, Multan from 1956 to 1960, at the Liaquat Medical College in 1961, at the Fatima Jinnah Medical College from 1961-63 and finally joined the DMC Karachi in 1963 and reached the age of superannuation there and retired.

He remained the governor of the American College of Chest Physicians for Pakistan (1985-89), and was a member of the editorial board of PMA Journal (1967). He was a member of the Board of Studies (Pharmacy) at the University of Karachi as well.

Dr Hasan was also the fellow of the College of Angiology, fellow of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, a founder member of the Pakistan Cardiac Society, and a member of the British Medical Association. He also authored numerous publications in international journals, a senior doctor informed the audience.

PMA (central) general secretary Dr Mirza Ali Azhar said that Dr Hasan was known for his strong relationship with his students and junior fellow doctors. A complete and impressive image of a doctor emerges out of Dr Hasan's personality and life, he added.

Another senior physician, Dr Usman Ghani, said that he met Dr Hasan for the first time as a student in 1954. He was an honest and sincere man who loved the younger generation very much, he added.

Another physician, Dr Azra Ali, who had an association with Dr Hasan stretched over 40 years, said that he as a teacher was an upright and courageous person and a man of character who could be emulated as a role model next to Prof (Dr) Khawaja Moin..

Dr Idrees Adhi, the PMA Karachi president, said that Dr Hasan never indulged himself in the “medical profession politics” and behaved as an extremely nice professional. He was a social person as well and a supporter of the PMA, Dr Adhi said, adding that the politeness and quality of life of Dr Hasan could be understood from the fact that he stopped visiting the PMA House after 1999 when a minor episode violence occurred there during a meeting.

Daughter of Dr Hasan, Dr Zeba Hasan, a physician practicing abroad, recalled her earliest memories of her father. She said that she never saw him without a book or a newspaper in his hand. He always kept some source of reference accessible to him in case he needed to consult or verify something, she said, adding that her father left behind a legacy. She said that Dr Hasan had some unique qualities — dignity, professional expertise, intellectual integrity, honesty and a unique simplicity and innocence — that endeared him to the world. My father had a passion for music and he loved classical music, ballet and opera, she added.

### PROFESSOR MUSHTAQ HASAN IN PICTURES



Prof Shah and Dr. Mubarak Shah with Miss Fatima Jinnah. Prof Mushtaq is in the 2<sup>nd</sup> row



On his doctorate in Medicine from the Punjab University in 1947



EDINBURGH 1951



Prof and Mrs. Dr. Mushtaq Hasan

## RAMZAN SHAREEF IN THE UK

MAHWASH GABA DOW 1985

I was asked to write my experience of spending the holy month of Ramzan in the UK.

I have now spent 27 years of my life here and have Alhamdulillah been able to fast all through those years except one and that was when I was expecting our son.

Things have definitely changed over these years. In the initial years, it was an effort to find all the things that we like having for iftar and sehri, such as pheni, samosa, baisan for pakora etc. Now all these things are readily available. I used to make parathay from scratch!! Now there is a variety of frozen foods; even 'sheer maal' and 'taftan' can also be bought with no problems.

I distinctly remember that we used to wait till after maghrib to call our local mosque or Regent's Park Mosque and now all information is on the internet or television. Asian radio helped us start and end our fast, but gradually television took over. I even witnessed the usual greeting 'Ramzan Mubarak' change to 'Ramadan Kareem'.

Amongst other changes, there has been gradual increase in the duration of time. I initially feared and could not understand how this would happen. But to my surprise, that never affected any of us adversely. We continued as if nothing had changed. Oh yes, a very welcome change is that many non-muslim colleagues at work who had no clue about the holy month of Ramadan and its etiquette, are now very supportive during this month. They greet me when it starts and curiously wait for Eid so they can all wish me again and congratulate me. Personally speaking, this feels really good and means a lot. I have also tried to play some part in that by bringing in sweets on Eid every year.

However, the loveliest experience that I do want to share with you all is that one of my neighbours, who is also a very good friend, is a devout Christian. For the past 20 years, since finding out that we fast every year, she has made sure that she brings sweets and presents to me on Eid day rather than over Christmas. She herself finds out when Eid is and always makes sure to visit me on the day and has done that without fail. She does this to make Eid special for me as she is aware that I do not have any family in the UK and this is a day when friends and family greet each other and celebrate together. I feel truly blessed.

There are also many more mosques now since I originally came to the UK, and these are not just converted houses as they used to be before. The mosques hold Taraveeh prayers regularly throughout Ramzan and of course Eid prayers where sweets are distributed. I have also witnessed an increasing trend of people sending iftar to the mosque for people who open their fast there.

No matter how many changes have happened over these years, somehow this holy month has given me strength to endure many hardships. I have certainly felt closer to Allah SWT and felt extremely proud to be a Muslim.



The editors wish all the friends

## A VERY HAPPY EID

( وَلِتُكْمِلُوا الْعِدَّةَ وَلِتُكَبِّرُوا اللَّهَ عَلَى مَا هَذَاكُمْ وَلَعَلَّكُمْ تَشْكُرُونَ )





# EDITORIAL

## Farrukh Hashmi

### A Dead Nation?

I was watching TV Channels from Pakistan earlier. I was just surfing different channels and I realized many things, one of the most glaring of these was "A DEAD NATION." Yes I think My Nation is dead. There is no life left in it. Why am I feeling like that? I asked myself. Then I started to surf channels more attentively and realized that yes we are a DEAD NATION.

On one channel they were showing that last night 6 police officers were killed in target killings in different areas of Karachi. Another Channel was blaring loudly how successful their AMAN RAMADAN program has been and it has broken all the records of popularity, and showing how women , children and some men enjoying how Religion is being SOLD.

One Channel was talking about how badly the hike in pricing of oil and electricity is going to affect common man. New government has increased the rates of petrol to 105 Rs/L and increased the rate of electricity bill by several Rupees. And by the way 13 hours of load shedding is still going on.

One channel was talking about how bad the drainage system of Pakistan's Paris (Lahore) is. Since the recent rains several feet water is standing on the roads and it is now impossible to navigate in regular cars or motorbikes on those canal like roads. They need amphibious vessels to reach their destinations!

Another Channel was talking about EID Shopping and how the prices of different dresses are beyond the reach of common man as the cheapest dress at one shop was about Rs 7000.

Another Channel was bragging about how they have made a new movie JOSH, which will rejuvenate the film industry in Pakistan.

And yet another channel discussed buying properties in DUBAI and on same channel, the news was that in last 6 months Pakistanis have bought 83 BILLION rupees worth of properties in DUBAI alone. That made Pakistanis 3rd biggest investor group in Dubai right behind UK and India.

After watching all these shows and news I was wondering, "Are we really a DEAD Nation?" Why we don't have any pulse? Why we are taking all these killings lying down ? Why no one is standing up and saying "enough is enough"?

How can our government do whatever it wants and the DEAD AWAM is accepting everything without any murmur? No big deal! They cry, they scream, they feel sad. But no one is raising

even a single voice against the inflation and the inflated prices of things of daily living?  
Why have thousands been killed all over Pakistan ... and we still CELEBRATE EID like  
NOTHING has happened????

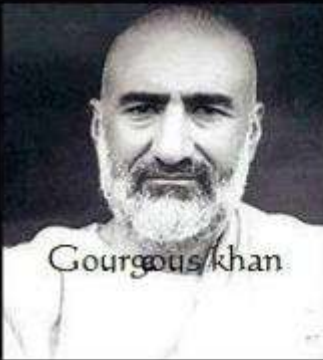
Is this the way ALIVE NATIONS behave?

Price of bread was raised by 2 cents in Greece, They toppled the government.

Price of electricity and power was raised few cents in Brazil they toppled the government.

Why we are selling our religion on TV and claiming the great ratings on one hand and on the other hand we killed a mentally retarded man under the Slogan of "Blasphemy" as he did not know the paper he burned was a piece of paper from Quran. He was lynched by mob right in front of the police who just stood there watching him die at the hands of so called Muslims. And Amir Liaquat sells same Islam every night, to make few bucks! And no one cares.  
Yes I think we are a DEAD NATION.

Long Live the piece of land known as PAKISTAN on which a necropolis is ALIVE and thriving!  
I am ashamed and I am sorry for all those who have been killed in my country and I am sorry for all those who will lose their lives in next few days. I am sorry I cannot do anything. Please forgive me.



Only a dead nation remembers its heroes when  
they die. Real nations respect them when they are  
alive.

(Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan)

Gorgeous khan

## My Favourite Novel

### In Search of Lost Time (A la Recherche du Temps Perdue) by Marcel Proust

Izhar Khan, Dow 1985



Reading classical novels is like having conversations with great minds from the past and offers an escape from the tedium of the daily grind. My love for novels dates to the time when I was nine years old and was taken by my father, along with my brother one day, to the British Council library in Karachi, which in those days was located in an old colonial era building near the Lighthouse cinema. I was made a member of the ‘junior’ section while my older brother was given membership of the senior section. Books fascinated me and soon I developed an insatiable appetite for novels. Our visits to the library became a regular event every Friday afternoon. My father used to take us first for Jumma prayers and as soon as prayers were said we were off to the library. I am indeed indebted to my father for waiting patiently outside in the searing heat in his VW Beetle, while my brother and I browsed the library.

I was fascinated by science fiction and devoured the works of Wells, Assimov, Clark and the Hoyle brothers. Soon I started reading classics which my brother read and became addicted to the works of Conan Doyle, Dickens, Gaskell, Elliot and Trollope. The British Council library was a treasure trove for a bibliophile like me when books were expensive and scarce at a time long before the advent of the internet and e-books. However, the library only stocked books by British authors. It was much later, in my teens that I discovered the delights of French and Russian literature. I remember reading Tales from Tolstoy at school and Dumas’s the Count of Monte Cristo. My brother Navid often used to talk about Balzac and Zola and although I discovered Zola many years later, I discovered Balzac’s La Comedie Humaine in my school library. In fact I ‘rescued’ a few volumes of this multi-volume work depicting French society in the nineteenth century. The school, in its wisdom, was getting rid of old books and I simply helped myself from a heap of books destined for waste disposal. I still have some of these precious illustrated volumes from 1901. My first Russian novel was Dostoyevsky’s The Idiot. I enjoyed this ponderous tale of the eponymous Prince Mishkin, the epileptic protagonist of this novel about, lust, jealousy and the struggle to confront one’s mortality and have since read it again.

And now to the novel which I regard as the novel of all novels, about which Virginia Woolf wrote:

*“The thing about Proust is his combination of the utmost sensibility with the utmost tenacity. He searches out these butterfly shades to the last grain. He is as tough as catgut and as evanescent as a butterfly's bloom. But Proust so titillates my own desire for expression that I can hardly set out the sentence. Oh if I could write like that! I cry. And at the moment such is the astonishing vibration and saturation and intensification that he procures—there's something sexual in it—that I feel I can write like that and seize my pen and then I can't write like that. Scarcely anyone so stimulates the nerves of language in me: it becomes an obsession”.*

A friend, who had read “In Search of Lost Time” twice, introduced me to Proust in 1994. This year marks the centenary of its publication. The novel is long; in fact it is the longest novel ever written. In six volumes and over 3000 pages it does take some time to finish. Some sentences are almost a page long and require a degree of concentration. My love for France and everything French have stimulated me to learn the French language and my ambition is to one day read Proust in French. To quote Proust: “A language not learned is a like a fortress sealed”.

The first English translation by the Scottish translator Scott Moncrieff is a good start but for would be Proustians I would recommend the excellent translation commissioned some years ago by Penguin. Each volume is translated by a different author.

So what, you may ask, is the novel about and why has it made so many people obsessed with its author? Marcel Proust was born in 1871 in Paris just after the Franco-Prussian war and the devastating siege of Paris to Adrian and Jeanne Proust. Dr Adrian Proust was a renowned Public Health physician who was eventually made a member of the prestigious French Academy for developing the Cordon Sanitaire (or quarantine) to prevent the movement of cholera in Europe. Jeanne Proust came from a wealthy Jewish family from the Alsace region of France and was very well read and cultured. Proust had a younger brother Robert who later on also became a doctor. From the age of nine Proust suffered from asthma and recurrent chest infection. His mother was very protective of him and from an early age Proust was mostly confined to his home. He developed a very close relationship with his mother and this is reflected in the very first pages of the first volume, Swann's Way, in which he describes how the narrator went to bed one night as a child when his mother forgot the nightly ritual of kissing him goodnight. Famously Proust describes the process of going to sleep and this event in over fifty pages.

It is worth noting that Proust wrote his magnum opus from a cork lined bedroom (to insulate him from noise) mostly lying in his bed. His ill health and repeated pulmonary relapses prevented him from going out much and he was in reality a nocturnal person, sleeping mostly during the day and working on his novel at night. At the Musee Carnavalet in Paris they have preserved his bedroom where he wrote his magnum opus and there one can see his belongings and some of his notebooks on which he wrote. Ironically when he sent the first volume for publication the book was turned down by a number of publishers and Proust had to have it published at his own expense. One of the publishers, himself a great French Novelist Andre Gide later regretted his decision to reject Swann's Way.

Many who start reading Proust give up after the first few pages, but the trick is to persevere. I can barely describe the pleasure I gained from reading Swann's Way (first the Moncreiff translation and then the Penguin translation by Lydia Davis). There is no single plot or story line

in the novel. One could, however, describe it as an account of life in and around Paris at the Fin de siècle. There are a multitude of characters in the book, including the narrator, whose name we never discover, but there is clearly an autobiographical influence. Proust lays bare the various characters in great detail and reading Proust one can identify many people who have touched our own lives. The book covers all emotions in exquisite detail; love, jealousy, hypocrisy, aesthetics, sexuality, love for the arts and architecture and nostalgia and yearning for the past and unrequited love.

The book contains extensive descriptions of works of art and architecture. Proust was a keen admirer of the arts and wrote critical essays on these subjects. There is a fascinating book "Paintings In Proust" which has illustrations of all the paintings mentioned in the six volumes of his novel. There is also a book of recipes of food mentioned in the novel, "Dining With Proust".

Above all In Search of Lost Time is about memory and it has become common parlance to use the phrase, "Proustian Moment" when one's memory, hitherto buried deep in the recesses of the mind, is awakened by a seemingly mundane stimulus such as a taste or smell. This phenomenon is called involuntary memory or souvenir involuntaire. In case of Proust it was the taste of a Madeleine (a spongy French biscuit) dipped in lemon tea, that the narrator's mother offers him, which awakens his memory of a childhood in the town of Combray. In a powerful and evocative passage the narrator describes this awakening of involuntary memory thus:

*"One day in winter, as I came home, my mother, seeing that I was cold, offered me some tea, a thing I did not ordinarily take. I declined at first, and then, for no particular reason, changed my mind. She sent out for one of those short, plump little cakes called 'petites madeleines,' which look as though they had been moulded in the fluted scallop of a pilgrim's shell. And soon, mechanically, weary after a dull day with the prospect of a depressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. No sooner had the warm liquid, and the crumbs with it, touched my palate than a shudder ran through my whole body, and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary changes that were taking place. An exquisite pleasure had invaded my senses, but individual, detached, with no suggestion of its origin. And at once the vicissitudes of life had become indifferent to me, its disasters innocuous, its brevity illusory—this new sensation having had on me the effect which love has of filling me with a precious essence; or rather this essence was not in me, it was myself. I had ceased now to feel mediocre, accidental, mortal. Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy? I was conscious that it was connected with the taste of tea and cake, but that it infinitely transcended those savours, could not, indeed, be of the same nature as theirs. Whence did it come? What did it signify? How could I seize upon and define it? And once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old grey house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theatre to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents (the isolated panel which until that moment had been all that I could see); and with the house the town, from morning to night and in all weathers, the Square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a*



*porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but, the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on colour and distinctive shape, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognisable, so in that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M. Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea”.*

The above passage is but one example among thousands of exquisite pieces of prose in *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, which can be enjoyed again and again.

I would urge my bibliophile friends to pick up *Swann's Way* (for English I would recommend the Penguin edition) and discover this master *ecrivain* about whom Virginia Woolf said: “after Proust, what else is there left to read”?

Three years ago while visiting Paris I went to the famous Pere Lachaise cemetery where many great people are interred including, Oscar Wilde, Edith Piaf, Collette, Frederick Chopin and Proust. I was running late as the cemetery had only half an hour left to close. I asked an old man if he could direct me to Proust's tomb. He kindly showed the way and then with a master stroke of irony added “Ah Monsieur may vous etes a la recherche du temps perdu” (but you are in search of lost time).

For an introduction to Marcel Proust I would recommend the following reading list:

*Marcel Proust: A Life (Penguin Lives Biographies) by Edmund White*

This is a brief biography for an introduction to Proust.

*Proust's Overcoat: by [Lorenza Foschini](#) and Eric Karpeles*

This is a fascinating story of one man's obsession with Proust culminating in his discovery of Proust's famous overcoat.

*Madame Proust and the Kosher Kitchen: by [Kate Taylor](#)*

This is a part biographical novel set in three different time periods, 19<sup>th</sup> century, contemporary and around the time of the second world war. It is a story of three Jewish women, two fictional characters, one transported to Canada during the Nazi occupation of France and a contemporary woman who translates the third character, Proust's mother, Jeanne Proust's fictional diaries. An unusual genre of novels which I could not put down.

*A Night at the Majestic by [Richard Davenport Hines](#)*

Based on a famous dinner party held at Paris's Majestic Hotel by the patron of arts Sydney Schiff and his wife Violet, at the occasion of the premier of Stravinsky's ballet *le renard*. The guests included Proust, Diaghilev, James Joyce and Picasso. The book is mainly an account of the last six months of Proust's life.

## **A SPECIAL ARTICLE BY SOHAIL ANSARI**

### **Healthcare in Karachi – under the auspices of the Raj: glimpses**

Healthcare is a pivotal part for the fabric of any society. For medical community, one of the outcomes of imperial colonisation was the development of tropical medicine and research into infectious diseases. The evolution of surveillance systems and the response to epidemics by the imperial government led to the establishment of health systems under the colonial power. It shaped measures to control diseases, meet challenges of epidemics and to improve the health of its subjects in British India. When the East India Company established its rule in India, it brought western medicine to India and medical services to the troops and servants of the Company. Indian Medical Services were established in 1896 to oversee the civil side of their medical department which subsequently witnessed periodic reforms. The first hospital in India was the Madras General Hospital in 1679. Calcutta Medical College was the first institute of western medicine in Asia and was established in February 1835. Lahore Medical School (later named King Edward Medical College) started in 1860. The Imperial government of India established 1200 public hospitals and dispensaries by 1880 that rose to 2500 in 1902. Civil Hospital Karachi and latterly Dow Medical College were part of the strategy.

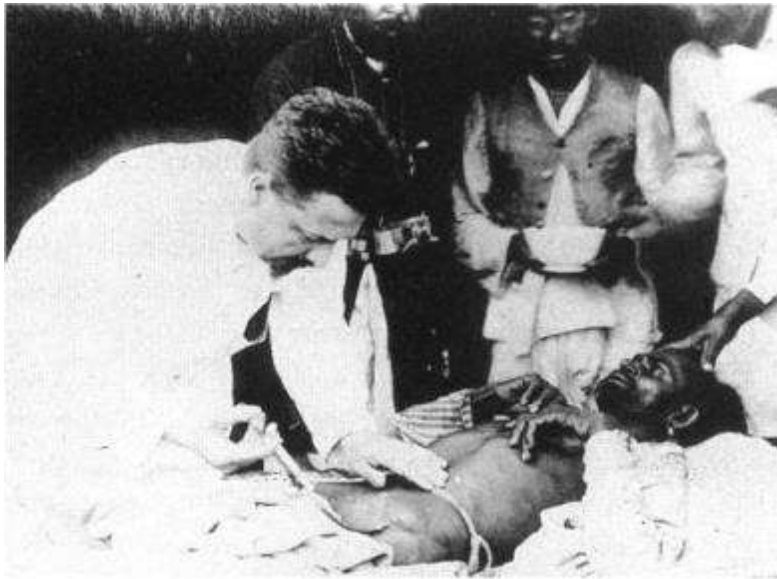
The following is not a complete account but just glimpses of the major services including records about our own Civil Hospital Karachi

#### **The plague**

Sporadic outbreaks of plague were reported in Cutch, Gujarat and Sindh as early as 1812 and in Rajputana in 1836. However, an epidemic broke out in Bombay in 1896 engulfing also Pune, Calcutta, and Karachi that put an immense pressure on the British Imperial government of India to control this emergency. This is usually referred to as the third plague pandemic. The Plague Commission was, thus, constituted in 1896 under the chairmanship of Prof. T.R. Frasier. Camps and field hospitals were established. The Epidemic Diseases Act was passed in 1897 that afforded the Governor General of India and the local authorities sweeping special powers to implement the necessary measures to control the epidemic. This was vigorously followed with the support of army and police. Medical and administrative officials had the right to inspect any suspected person or place; they were also empowered to call for detention of any person from ships and railways and quarantine as was felt appropriate. Isolation sheds were created.

On 16<sup>th</sup> December 1896 the Health Officer of Karachi municipality, Dr Kaka, reported the first case of bubonic plague in a 16 year old Brahman cook who took ill and was moved from Rampart Road of Bandar quarter to a house in Maoji street of Ranchore quarter where he died the next day. He is said to have contracted the infection from

visiting merchants from Bombay. The infection rapidly spread to Old Town, Napier and Market quarters, Trans Lyari, Kiamari and Manora. . The mortality during the first period of epidemic in Karachi was recorded to be 59.1%. The worst parts of the town were the quarters of Old Town, Machi Miani, Market, and Bandar, where the greatest mortality has occurred.



Paul-Louis Simond injecting a plague vaccine on the 4th of June 1898 in the Vishandas Hospital, Karachi. In 1898, French researcher Paul-Louis Simond demonstrated the role of fleas as a vector through his pioneer work while in Karachi where, despite limited resources, he was able to demonstrate that fleas transmit the bacterium *Yersinia Pestis*, the agent causing bubonic plague, from rat to rat, and from rat to human.

Plague Committee of Karachi was set up, for the control of the operations, consisting of Brigadier-General T. A. Cooke, Commanding Sind District, as "President, with the Collector, the Deputy Sanitary Commissioner and Mr. Strachan from the local municipality

This epidemic lasted till July 1889 and last case was discharged from the hospital in August; the city was declared free from the infection on 17<sup>th</sup> August – a result of very stringent measures. Those radical measures besides healthcare of the sick included segregation camps, home to home searches, disinfection at a large scale, burning to the ground of old disease-infected huts and the military cordon preventing intercommunication between the residents of the segregation and health camps.

**Civil Hospital Karachi** played a major role to treat the plague inflicted victims; in fact it was turned into a plague hospital during that period. 'A plague hospital was therefore necessary and the Government High School was made available for ordinary patients,



the civil hospital being reserved for plague cases.' In 1898, it had a compliment of 250 beds. There are several references available recording this fact from 1897 - 1898.

Mr R Giles, the collector of Karachi reported in 1897:

Thus on the 11th February at one of these meetings two fresh charges were created, Mr. Crouch, the Public Prosecutor, and Mr. Cumming, Secretary of the Port Trust, having kindly offered their services to the municipality. On the 15th it was decided to place Sardar Khán Bahadur Mahomed Yakub in sole charge of the Trans-Lyari Mahomedans with Khán Sáheb Rassulbux as his assistant and three Mahomedan supervisors. Three Mahomedan doctors were already working there who strengthened the Sardar's hand greatly and did excellent work.

Surgeon-Lieutenants Niblock and Cornwall were deputed for the duty and reported themselves on the 12<sup>th</sup> of February. These two officers entered on their duties with zeal and devotion and quickly gained the confidence of the people. In a few days they had won entrance everywhere and convinced the poor that there was nothing to dread. With doctors in the city and at the railway stations plague patients began to be taken to the civil hospital.

A Charitable Relief Fund was started about this time and the money was used amongst other things for supplying necessities and comforts for the hospital. Nurses were supplied by the Karachi Convent.

"The Sisters occupied the upstairs or European wards of the hospital and lived there for several months, nursing the 60 to 100 sick below by day and by night, and entered on the dangerous duty with happy self-sacrifice. They were soon beloved. Later on they were joined by several nurses paid from the Charitable Fund and were assisted by the two Misses Carey of the Zenana Mission."

The following is a list of the private case hospitals in existence at the time the committee was assembled:

1. Seth Vishindas Hospital, in Garden Quarter.
2. Borah Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Garden Quarter.
3. Memon Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Preedy Quarter.
4. Parsi Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Runchore Quarter.
5. Khojah Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Muchi-Meauri Quarter.
6. Sahta Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Lyari Quarter.
7. Serai Hospital and Segregation Camp, in Lyari Quarter.

Most will not know, but early in March the new and unoccupied **Lady Dufferin Hospital** was utilized as a convalescent ward.



## Seth Vishindas Hospital

" It should be mentioned that at this time the private hospitals were beginning to fill, and that Seth Vishindas, a wealthy and philanthropic citizen, quite fearless of plague, was constructing what developed into the best private hospital in Karachi, where he generously received Hindus and Muhammadans alike, having separate wards for each, and supplying medical and other attendance, food and medicine at his own expense."

## Civil Hospital

Other than the above, Gazetteer of the province of Sind by AW Hughes in 1876 reports about Civil Hospital Karachi as following:

The Civil Hospital is situate in the Ranchore Lines municipal quarter, and stands at some little distance, facing the west, from the Mission road. It is a large upper-storey building with two wings, its entire length being 340 ½ feet. There are six lower wards and one upper-storey ward, and the hospital is capable of making up 75 beds. The central portion, which is the original building, was erected in 1854 by the Government at a cost of 6878 rupees; the additions were made by the Sind Railway Company in 1959.



The following statement will show the total number of persons treated for various diseases in this hospital during the years 1872, 1873, and 1874, together with other information in connection with them:-

	Admissions.			Casualties.			Average Daily Sick.		
	1872.	1873.	1874.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1872.	1873.	1874.
In-door patients . .	1,184	897	830	84	42	34	50·5	41·0	25·5
Out-door patients .	7,173	9,957	9,397	..	1	..	79·8	83·0	84·3

The hospital is directly under the control of the Civil surgeon of Karachi, who has a resident staff, consisting of one apothecary, one hospital assistant, and a native medical pupil. An inspection of this hospital takes place during the cold season. The most prevalent diseases in the town of Karachi are found to be intermittent fevers, chronic rheumatism, and bowel complaints, arising, it is believed, mainly from imperfect drainage, variable climate, and unwholesome drinking water. Cholera visited the place in an epidemic form in the years 1865, 1867, and 1869, and small-pox in 1866, 1868, and 1870. During 1869 Karachi was troubled with a bad type of fever epidemic, from which European troops stationed here suffered severely. The very heavy rainfall during that year, which in quantity was more than double than any of previous year, is supposed to have been the exciting cause.



Civil Hospital in 1898

However, the official website of CHK quotes: The Civil Hospital Karachi was founded in 1898 in the wake of a third pandemic of Bubonic Plague on the one hand, and the platinum jubilee of Queen Victoria on the other. Lord Curzon the Viceroy of India visited Civil Hospital Karachi in 1900 and unveiled a commemorative plaque to mark the platinum jubilee of Queen Victoria. The Civil Hospital Karachi continued to function efficiently until independence as the principal hospital of Karachi and received tremendous impetus after 1945 when the then Governor of Sindh Sir Hugh Dow transferred the medical school provisionally recognized by the Bombay University from Hyderabad to Karachi and laid the foundation of the Dow Medical College in its present

location on 10th December 1945, with the Civil Hospital Karachi attached to it as a teaching hospital.



*Building in Nursing Mess area part of the original  
Civil Hospital Karachi since its inception.*

Other than the pioneering work from the plague epidemic, the other notable contribution is some research on malaria from CHK:



Also quoted in the gazettes are the following institutes:

### **Charitable Dispensary**

Located on Bandar Road and established in 1862 at a cost of Rs 6962. It was under the charge of a 'sub-assistant surgeon' and assisted by two medical pupils. It accommodated ten in-patients and primarily was an out-patient service. In 1874 it managed 10,657 patients of whom 10,584 were out patients at an expense of Rs. 5302. The government contributed Rs. 4219.

### **Gisri Sanitarium**

In connection with the Napeir Barracks and European Troops, it will be necessary to refer to the Sanitarium at Gisri (within Karachi municipal limits) established in 1854 for the reception of sick officers and soldiers from the European portion of the military force stationed at Karachi and Hyderabad. For the accommodation of officers there are three stone-built bungalows capable of housing two officers in each, and for the rank and file two barracks, which in the aggregate can hold 103 men. There is besides a detached residence for the apothecary, and numerous outhouses for various purposes in the rear of the barracks. It is stated that the Government intend erecting new buildings for sick soldiers, sufficiently large to accommodate 400 invalids at one and the same time. This sanitarium possesses a library of about 700 volumes, obtained for it by the late Commander-in-Chief in India, Lord Napier of Magdala, and to this nearly all the men located there subscribe. In a sanitary point of view, Gisri is considered to be admirably suited for its purposes, being seated at some elevation on the sea-coast, with a strong sea-breeze blowing during the hottest weather, having a rocky soil and good natural drainage, and a neighbourhood free from all sources of malaria. During a period of fifteen months, ending with March 1871, the number of sick men sent to this sanitarium was 241, of whom 35 were invalided, 6 died, 159, or 66 percent., returned to their duty, and 41 remained under treatment. Again during 1874 the sick men sent to Gisri numbered 53, of whom 9 were invalided, none died, 37, or 70 percent., returned to duty, and 7 remained under treatment.

### **Lock Hospital**

Situated in Ranchore Lines, this ten bedded ladies hospital was manned by a medical officer, a hospital assistant, matron and assistant, and several servants. In 1874, the females under its care were 165.

**Jaffer Fadoo Dispensary** was established in 1904 and it served the underprivileged of the city. It now runs under the auspices of Kutiyana Memon Association and is part of a hospital. Its monumental clock tower stands no more owing to lack of attention.

A report from 1937 mentioned of the following specilist hospitals in the city:

Category—

G = Government.  
RF = Recaptured.  
DS = District Board.  
P = Private.  
SH = Sanitary.

TABLE IV.

SPECIAL HOSPITALS AND CLINICS.

Province—SIND.

Table showing particulars of work and medical staff for 1937.

Name of the hospital or clinic and the place where situated.	Category in which the institution belongs.	Special diseases treated.	No. of beds, if any.	Daily average number of in-patients.	Daily average number of out-patients.	Average cost per in-patient per month.	Medical Staff.		Nursing Staff.		
							Physician.		Surgeon.	Midwife.	Pharm.
<b>KARACHI DISTRICT.</b>											
Dr. Ignace Eye Hospital, Karachi.	RF	Ophthalmic.	35	224	236	80 4 4	2	—	—	2	—
Shroffs General Dispensary.	RF	Various subjects.	—	—	2000	—	1	—	—	2	—
Howard Lane Hospital, Masjid Fir, Karachi.	P	Leprosy.	100	80-2	200	30 5 8	1	—	—	—	—
Richards Skin Hospital, Karachi.	RF	Dermatological.	50	17-05	—	125 0 0	1	—	—	1	—
<b>HYDRABAD DISTRICT.</b>											
S. T. Sahasrabudh Dispensary, Hyderabad.	RF	Various subjects.	—	—	30	—	1	—	—	—	—
Dr. U. J. Mehta Hospital, Hyderabad, S.D.	G	General.	248	200-0	—	10 4 1	2	—	—	—	—

(34)

1937



Edulji Dinshaw Dispensary - 1882



Military Hospital Malir 1940



A clip from 'The Graphic', December 2, 1916



1945: Mohammad Ali Hospital in the background

ڈپریشن



عائشہ غازی

ابھی سکتے کا عالم ہے  
ابھی دل ٹوٹ کر رویا نہیں شاید  
خلا سا ہے جو بس ٹھہرا ہوا ہے چار سو میرے  
جہاں پر بولتے سایوں کا ڈیرا ہے  
مگر لفظوں کے معنی چپ کا گھیرا توڑ کر  
مجھ تک نہیں آتے  
کہ میری روح کی رہداریوں میں  
گونجتا پھرتا ہے سناٹا  
یہاں وحشت کی زنجیریں چھنکتی ہیں خیالوں میں  
کہ جسے کوئی شب خوردہ سا قیدی سانس لیتا ہو  
گماں جالا سا بنتا ہے یقیں کے روزنوں کے ادھ کھلے پٹ پر  
جہاں سے روشنی آتی تھی لیکن اب نہیں آتی  
ہوا میں ہے وجہ اک سوگ سا ٹھہرا ہوا ہے  
جیسے آتشدان سے کچھ کوئلوں کی راکھ اڑتی ہو  
تو سانسوں میں دھواں آ کر الجھتا ہے  
کوئی آواز کوئی عکس کوئی لمس بھی  
یہ ناشناسائی کے رسے توڑ کر مجھ تک نہیں آتا  
جو میری روح کے تن من سے لپٹے ہیں  
برا کیا ہو ...  
جو مجھ کو میری وحشت راس آ جائے  
یا کوئی چپ کا پہرا توڑ کر قیدی کے تھوڑا پاس آ جائے  
ابھی سکتے کا عالم ہے ، کوئی دل کو رلا جائے



## قنبر رضا نقوی

سسکیاں روح کی سُنتا ہوں ، جدھر جاتا ہوں  
پھر کوی شہر تمنا میں لُٹا ہے شاید  
جسم ساکت ہے پس مرگ، کُھلی آنکھیں ہیں  
دم میرا آنکھوں میں اب اٹکا ہوا ہے شاید  
ہیں طلب گار وفا گھومتے قریہ قریہ  
آج کل شہر میں فقدانِ وفا ہے شاید  
اُس کی آنکھوں کی تپش روح کو محسوس ہوی  
کوی مجھ کو کہیں پہ ڈھونڈھ رہا ہے شاید  
ہے بہاروں پہ تبسم کا سا عالم پھر سے  
ریگزاروں میں کوی پھول کھلا ہے شاید  
برایک بات تیری ذہن میں در آتی ہے  
روزِ یاد کہیں کوی کُھلا ہے شاید  
شمع خاموش جل رہی ہے عزا میں اُس کی  
پھر سے پروانہ کوی اُس پہ مرا ہے شاید  
اُس کے ارمانوں سے اُٹھتا ہے دھواں کیوں قمبر  
ہاں اُسے بھی کوی اب چھوڑ گیا ہے شاید

DR. IQBAL HASHMANI

”صحت مند معاشرہ“  
ڈینگی میں پیپتے کا، ہم جوں پاتے ہیں  
قالج میں کیوڑ کا ہم خون لگاتے ہیں  
ہو جائے اگر برقان، ملا سے جھڑاتے ہیں  
گر ناف اتر جائے، پھوگوں سے چڑھاتے ہیں  
مرگی کے مریضوں کو ہم جوتی سکھاتے ہیں  
اعصابی مریضوں کو ہم دھونی دلاتے ہیں  
بچوں کے سنانے کو ہم گھٹی چٹاتے ہیں  
خسرہ کے مریضوں کو ہم سونا پہناتے ہیں  
اک عمر اتائی سے دوا دارو جو لاتے ہیں  
جب وقت قضا آئے، ڈاکٹر کو پاتے ہیں



## IBN-E-INSHA

MAHWASH GABA DMC 1985

**Ibn-e-Insha** was born on 15 June 1927 and died on 11 January 1978. He was only 50 years old. His name was Sher mohammad Khan but he took Ibn e Insha as his pen name. He was a Pakistani Urdu poet, humorist, travelogue writer and columnist. Along with his poetry, he was regarded one of the best humorists of Urdu. His poetry has a distinctive diction laced with language reminiscent of Amir Khusro in its use of words and construction that is usually heard in the more earthy dialects of the Hindi-Urdu complex of languages. His forms and poetic style is an influence on generations of young poets.

## Biography

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Insha was born in Phillaur tehsil of Jalandhar District, Punjab, India. His father hailed from Rajasthan. He received his B.A. degree from Punjab University in 1946 and M.A. from University of Karachi in 1953.<sup>[1][3]</sup> He was associated with various governmental services including Radio Pakistan, Ministry of Culture and National Book Centre of Pakistan. He also served UN for some time and this enabled him to visit a lot of places and was the reason of his subsequent travelogues.<sup>[1][3]</sup> Some of the places that he visited includes Japan, Philippines, China, Hong Kong, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, France, UK and United States. Insha got the teachers like, Habibullah Ghazenfar Amrohvi, Dr. Ghulam Mustafa Khan and Dr. Abdul Qayyum. Insha spent much of his time in Karachi.<sup>[4]</sup> He died of Hodgkin's Lymphoma on 11 January 1978 in London and was buried in Karachi.

## Literary Career

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Insha is considered as one of the best poets and writers of his generation. His most famous ghazal '*Insha Ji Utthoo*' is an influential classic ghazal. He has written several books of travelogues with a touch of humour. His work has been appreciated by Urdu writers and critics. He also translated a collection of Chinese poems in Urdu in 1960.

## Bibliography

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### Poetry

- *Chand Nagar*
- *Dil-e-Wehshi*

### Travelogue

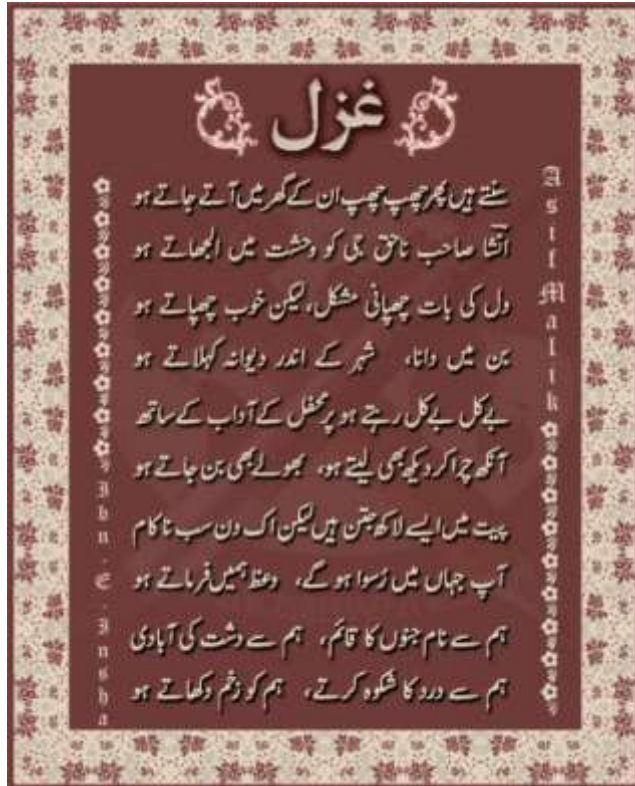
- *Awara Gard Ki Diary*
- *Dunya Gol Hey*

- *Ibn Battuta Kay Taqub mien*
- *Chaltay Ho To Cheen Ko Chaliye*
- *Nagri Nagri Phira Musafar*

## Humor

- *Aap se kya Parda*
- *Khumar e Gandum*
- *Urdu Ki Aakhri Kitaab*
- *Khat Insha Jee Kay (Collection of letters)*

Below are some of Ibn e Insha's most famous poetry extracts. Hope you will enjoy these and will be reminded of some of your lifes' beautiful moments.



انشا جی اٹھو اب کوچ کرو ، اس شہر میں جی کا لگانا کیا  
 وحشی کو سکوں سے کیا مطلب ، جوگی کا ڈگر میں ٹھکانا کیا  
 پھر ہجر کی لمبی رات یہاں ، خجگ کی تو بس ایک گھڑی  
 جو دل میں ہے ، لب پر آنے دو ، شرمانا کیا ، گھبراننا کیا  
 اس دل کے دریدہ دامن میں ، دیکھو تو سہی ، سوچو تو سہی  
 جس جھولی میں سو چھید ہوئے ، اس جھولی کا پھیلانا کیا  
 شب گزری چاند بھی ڈوب گیا ، زنجیر پڑی دروازے پر  
 کیوں دیر گئے گھر آئے ہو ، بجنی سے کرو گے بہانا کیا  
 رہتے ہو جو ہم سے دور بہت ، مجبور ہو تم ، مجبور بہت  
 وم سمجھوں کا سمجھانا کیا ، ہم بہلوں کا بہلانا کیا  
 جب شہر کے لوگ ندرستہ دیں ، کیوں بن میں نہ جا بسرام کریں  
 دیوانوں کی سی نہ بات کرے ، تو اور کرے دیوانہ کیا

کل چودھویں کی رات تھی ، شب بھر رہا چرچا ترا  
 کچھ نے کہا کہ چاند ہے کچھ نے کہا چہرہ ترا  
 ہم بھی وہیں موجود تھے ہم سے بھی سب پوچھا کیے  
 ہم ہنس دیئے ، ہم چپ رہے ، منظور تھا پردہ ترا  
 اس شہر میں کس سے ملیں ، ہم سے تو چھوٹی محفلیں  
 ہر شخص تیرا نام لے ، ہر شخص دیوانہ ترا  
 کوپے کو تیرے چھوڑ کر جوگی ہی بن جائیں مگر  
 جنگل ترے ، پرہت ترے ، ہستی تری ، صحرا ترا  
 تو ہاوا ، تو مہریاں ، ہم اور تجھ سے بدگماں  
 ہم نے تو پوچھا تھا ذرا ، یہ وصف کیوں ٹھہرا ترا  
 ہم پر یہ سختی کی نظر ، ہم ہیں فقیر رہگور  
 رستہ کبھی روکا ترا ، دامن کبھی تھاما ترا  
 ہاں ہاں تری صورت حسین ، لیکن تو اتنا بھی نہیں  
 اس شخص کے اشعار سے شہرہ ہوا کیا کیا ترا  
 بے درد ، سنی ہو تو چل ، کہتا ہے کیا اچھی غزل  
 عاشق ترا ، رسوا ترا ، شاعر ترا انشا ترا





**SHEHLA IN UK JUNE-JULY 2013**



Shehla with Fayyaz, Khalid Saleem, Annie Khalid



Shehla and Shams



**FAYYAZ IN BOSTON JUNE 2013 WITH SALEEM, KHALID MAZHAR, SHERRY AND SALAHUDDIN**



